

The Dead Space

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Summary: This is just a little something I wrote in English class instead of doing my actual work. Rated T just to be safe.

The Dead Space

Far from Earth, there is dead silence in the nothingness of Space. No sound in the vacuum of Space other than the collapse of stars or the collision of faraway heavenly bodies we never knew existed. In the vastness of Space, there is a sickness. A disease? A cancer? None know of it, for it has consumed all of the living Space that may-have-been and instead replaced it with _Dead Space,_ a cold plain devoid of anything that was or could have been.

What could do such a thing? Was it an intelligent race of foreign beings that went to war? Went and committed genocide? Perhaps it was God? No, something elseâ€|. Something beyond our comprehensionâ€|.

What was that? Did you hear that? Did you hear _them_? They want you to build, for _us_ to build them their monuments of manipulation and corruption. They want us to _worship_ them. No, they want us to _be_ them. A sickness has spread. A disease. A _cancer_. It is unescapable. The corruption is in their proxies, in their apathetic congregation. You can't hide from it. From them. The _Dead Space_ is expanding once more. There is no escape. They will find you, and they _will_ destroy you.

Trust no one, especially yourself. They will crawl out of their corrupted hive, slither into your skull, sticking their poisonous tongues into your brain, warping and twisting your reality. If you survive the madness, you will eventually contract the sickness, the corruption. If you survive the sickness long enough, the corrupt ones who didn't survive their sickness will kill you. If you survive the abominations that was born from the corrupted sickness, the sickness will kill you and twist and mangle your body until you become a perverted monster, or if you don't contract the disease, the will

forever consume your mind and will kill you slowly.

There is no escape. The Dead Space is growing. It is hungry, starving for the flesh of our bodies, for our intelligence, for our fragile minds. Can't you hear them speaking? They are singing for us. The hymns of madness that their wicked monuments whisper to all are in the air, in Space, in our bodies. The monuments, the Markers, they are singing to us, to all of us! Can't you hear them?! They are screaming at us! Pleading, begging, commanding us all to be united. They want us to be theirs. They need us to be theirs. We have to be theirs! They want us, need usâ€¦|..

To make them wholeâ€¦|.

End
file.